THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

.....“VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D.”
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 99.

Who seest appall'd the unreal scene,
While fancy lifts the veil between.
COLLINS.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

IN one of those rare but interesting societies, where amusement can be obtained without the intervention of play, where reigns the free interchange of sentiment so grateful to a cultivated intellect, where the only desire is to please, and the only solicitude to instruct, our conversation accidentally turned on the difference between real and visionary objects. We endeavoured to trace their analogy, and ascertain the relation that subsists between a continuous dream and a long meditation, between the enthusiastic contemplatist, and the cool observer. It was suggested, that a fervid imagination sometimes creates a belief of reality, equally strong with the evidence of actual vision. This position was generally controverted, and the discussion continued with some warmth, when a French officer remarked, that he believed a single fact more satisfactory than a whole volume of abstract reasoning, and would, therefore, with the assent of the company, relate an event calculated to throw some light on the subject. He added, that the circumstances he was about to narrate, had happened to a captain of his regiment, that they had fallen under his own observation, and that all his brother officers could vouch for their authenticity. He promised to observe the most scrupulous exactitude in his recital, except in the substitution of fictitious names, and claimed indulgence for some minutiæ of detail that he had heard too often to be able to omit, and for the reflections he might occasionally interweave with a subject in which he felt deeply interested. The company acquiesced, as may be supposed, without much difficulty. His story was as follows—

“After a severe engagement in Italy, during the course of the last war, our wounded officers were transported to Milan. Dorville, one of the number, was carried to the hospital. His wounds left but small hopes of his life; but the powerful assistance of art, together with the still more operative aid of a youthful and vigorous constitution, snatched him from the jaws of death. On resuming the use of his reason, after an alternate delirium and stupor of more than a month, he made numberless inquiries as to his situation, the symptoms of his disorder, and all those particulars so interesting to a man, who is in some manner restored to existence, who experiences new sensations, and who feels the buoyancy and vivifying energy of nascent health, a delight only known to those, who have recovered from dangerous indispositions.

A nun, of the order of Charity, answered him with as much modesty as if she had not essentially contributed to his cure, and as circumstantially, as if she had never left him for a moment. He opened his curtains to view the person, who gave him such affable and satisfactory replies. Judge of his astonishment, when he saw, at his bed-side, a young woman of about eighteen years of age. He remarked a pair of eyes beaming with candour and beneficence; he caught an affectionate but timid glance; he surveyed one of those tender, intelligent, and pensive countenances, which excite a more lively interest, and are more powerfully attractive, than even consummate beauty. He was struck with the elegance of her form, and the dignity of her demeanour, and, captivated by an assemblage of graces, veiled under a habit that added new stimulus to desire, by holding out insuperable obstacles to enjoyment.

Dorville, amazed to find so many charms in an asylum of misery, was still more so, when he understood that Adelaide, the name of the nun, had been his only attendant, during his illness, that she had watched over him both night and day, with the most admirable patience and tender solicitude, that she had scarcely allowed herself a moment of repose, and in fine that he owed her his life. Born with one of those ardent tempers, which render a man, at the same time, so amiable and so unhappy, which augment our miseries, by amplifying our affections, Dorville sublimated every sentiment into a passion. He immediately abandoned himself to the utmost excess of sensibility. He no longer dared to accept of the services which she unceasingly proferred. He conjured her, upon the approach of night, to retire, and it was upon that condition alone that he himself could be induced to take repose. But repose was not long reserved for him. He was seized with a passion too violent to be misunderstood. The deference due to Adelaide's habit, gratitude for her benevolence, and the awe inspired by the purity of her manners, bound him to conceal an attachment, which every effort to hide only served to disclose. He soon perceived this effect by her sudden reserve. Fearful of losing all, he then hazarded an avowal of what he had secretly sworn never to reveal. He expected a repulse, met with it, and was almost overwhelmed. Every topic of consolation which she suggested, only operated to heighten his despair: every motive adduced to conquer his love, only increased its intensity: every endearment of condolence appeared an additional torment. His mistress, agonized by her own feelings, resolved to leave him, and was upon the point of abandoning her patient to a sister nun, when one of his wounds broke out afresh, and her compassion forced her to remain.

Our regiment was about that time ordered into winter quarters at Milan. I visted my friend every day. I there found Adelaide, and witnessed her assiduities. She sometimes dressed the wound before me, and I have frequently seen tears fall, which she in vain laboured to suppress. Dorville never spoke; but his eyes were piercing, and his silence full of passion. So much delicacy, united to such vehemence of affection, a language so irresistibly eloquent, the sympathy of misfortune, that persuasive energy of soul, which characterises true love, all combined to inspire Adelaide with a passion equally ardent. She trembled at its approach, but did not hesitate to entrust him with her sentiments. She knew him to be generous, and thought her virtue less endangered by implicating his honour in her defence. In making the most solemn vows that it should be inviolably respected, he calculated too little on the infirmity of human nature. He soon disclaimed their obligation, and lavished caresses, prayers, and tears. Adelaide reminded him of his promise, and a tender word from her usually calmed his transports. ‘What!’ would she say, ‘must my ruin be the price of my attachment? Would you entail infamy on her whom you love?’ He threw himself at her feet, renewed his protestations of repentance and respect, and felt that the repulses of innocence, however irk some at the moment, are not altogether devod of pleasurable ingredients for the man, who respects the object of his love. When he reflected on the sanctity of her habit, on her artless innocence, on her many and pungent sorrows, he accused himself of a want of generosity, and resolved to abandon his pursuit forever; but no sooner did his mistress appear, than every resolution was instantly forgotten.

[*To be continued.*]

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF THOMAS WARTON.

[Continued.]

His next publication was Poems on Several Occasions, English, Latin, and Italian, with Translations by John Milton, viz. Lycidas L'Allegro Il Penseroso, Arcades, Comus, Odes, Sonnets, Miscellanies, English Psalms, Elegiarum, Liber, Epigrammatum Liber, Sylvarum Liber, with Notes Critical and Explanatory, and other Illustrations, 8vo, 1785. A second edition, with corrections and improvements, appeared after his death, in 1790. The chief purpose of the Notes is to explain Milton's allusions, to illustrate or to vindicate his beauties, to point out his imitations, both of others and of himself, to elucidate his obsolete diction, and by the adduction and juxtaposition of parallels universally gleaned both from his poetry and his prose, to ascertain his favourite words, and to shew the peculiarities of his phraseology. His commentary is enriched with some occasional illustrations by his brother Dr. Warton. In the second edition, the Notes appear to have undergone an entire revisal. Some notes, which were in the

first edition, he has omitted in the second; intending, as is evident by the references, to introduce them, and probably with considerable additions, in his edition of Milton's larger poems, which he was preparing for the press. Many of his own notes, not to be found in the first edition, are inserted in the second, together with some which are marked with the initials of the names of Warburton and Hurd. A multitude of corrections are also made, in which he probably availed himself of the hints of friendly criticism.

This was the last publication he gave to the world, except his official Odes, and many excellent notes in the variorum edition of Shakspeare 1786, which are distinguished by his name.

His health began to decline a little time before his death, but not in such a manner as to give much alarm to his friends. He had been some time ill with the gout; but was thought in a fair way of recovery. On Thursday, May 20. 1790. he appeared remarkably cheerful, and supped, and passed the evening in the common-room. Between ten and eleven o'clock he sunk in his chair. His friends thought him only dosing; but on approaching, found him struck with the palsy, and quite dead on one side. He was immediately conveyed to his room, and continued insensibe till his death, on Friday, about two o'clock, in the sixty-second year of his age. On the 27th of May, in the afternoon, his remains were interred in the Chapel of Trinity College, with the highest academical honours.

A new edition of his Poems, including the pieces omitted in the edition 1777, and the New-Year and Birth-day Odes, for 1786, 1787 and 1788, was printed in 1791. They are now, reprinted from the edition 1791, with his Birth-Day Odes for 1789 and 1790, Sonnet in imitation of Spenser, and his Latin poems ad Somnum and Qui fit Mæcenas, ommitted in former editions, received for the first time into a collection of classical English poetry.

His character was truly amiable and respectable. To his friends he was endeared by his simple, open, and friendly manners; to the University of Oxford by his long residence and many services; and to the public by the valuable additions which have been made by his talents to English poetry, antiquities, and criticism. His mind was more fraught with wit and mirth than his outward appearance promised. His person was unwieldly and ponderous, and his countenance somewhat inert; but the fascination of his converse was wonderful. He was the delight of the jovial Attic board, anniversaries, music meetings, &c. and possessed beyond most men the art of communicating variety to the dull sameness of an Oxford life. With eminent abilities, and scholastic accomplishments, he united those conciliatory talents, that amiable sociability of manners, which could, to the claim of respect for the author, add that of esteem for the man. He was a liberal scholar, an agreeable companion, a warm philanthropist, a disinterested Christian, and an amiable man.

'His social qualities,' says a writer in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1790, 'had long endeared him to the members of his own society, among whom he constantly resided. The brilliancy of his wit, the solidity of his judgment, and the affability of his temper, give to all who had the happiness of his acquaintance, the most pungent regret for his irreparable loss. His literary productions have rendered him peculiarly eminent as an annotator, a biographer, an antiquary, and a poet; and he may be deservedly considered as the ornament, not only of the university, but of the literary world at large. Such, indeed, was the vigour of his mind, the classical purity of his taste, the extent and variety of his learning, that his memory will be forever revered as a profound scholar, and a man of true genius. Learning must deplore him as one of her best and most valuable ornaments.'

As an author, he has chiefly distinguished himself as a biographer a historian, a critic, and a poet.

In his Lives of Dr. Bathurst and Sir Thomas Pope, we find that art, propriety, and ease, which characterize the productions of those whose talents have been carefully cultivated by reflection and study. But they will not, perhaps, by the generality of readers, be deemed either instructive or entertaining. Of the memorials of Dr. Bathurst, which have been transmitted to posterity, few are at this time interesting or affecting enough to engage the attention of the public; but he may be credited for his industry, and the difficulties he surmounted in attaining the necessary information to complete his work. The insufficiency of the materials which time has preserved concerning Sir Thomas Pope, has engaged him to enter occasionally into historical digressions. Among other national transactions, he gives an interesting relation of the persecutions of the Princess Elizabeth. But on losing sight of Sir Thomas Pope, he detracts from the merit of his performance, considered as a composition. The principal figure in the picture being eclipsed by the decorations that surround it, the eye is fixed on the latter, and neglects the former. Indeed, the life of a person whose capacity was slender and limited, who never sustained or merited any important office, and whose sphere of action was narrow, is not properly an object of curiosity. The mind does not willingly bestow its attention on insignificant circumstances; its sensibilities can only be awakened by what is shining and illustrious. The literary toil which should be employed in narrations concerning those who have displayed valour in the field, or wisdom in the cabinet, should never be wasted in inquiries concerning men who have acted in inferior or subordinate stations. The portion of the laborious drudge, who is put in motion at the command of a master, and who neither plans nor thinks, is silence and obscurity.

As an historian, his reputation is founded on his History of English Poetry; the very name of which warms the heart of every man of taste and elegance. An history of English poetry has long been a desideratum in the learned world. A plan of this kind had been agitated by Pope, in which our poets were classed under their supposed respective schools. It was afterwards adopted by Gray. The substance of Gray's plan, which was that of Pope, considerably enlarged, extended, and improved, is given in his 'Life.' Both these plans Warton has rejected, and has chosen to conduct his work in a chronological series; for this obvious reason, that it exhibits, without transposition, the gradual improvements of our poetry, at the same time that it uniformly represents the progression of our language. Yet he has not always adhered so scrupulously to the regularity of annals, but that he has often deviated into occasional digressions. His reasons for commencing his annals with the Norman accession, rather than the Saxon government, seem conclusive; the former being the era when our national character began to dawn. His work is introduced by a Preface, which is at once elegant and instructive, and two dissertations, on the Origin of Romantic Fiction, and, on the introduction of learning into England; in which are discovered such exquisite and genuine elegance, such profound and extensive erudition, such acute and rational deductions, that we are at a loss to determine what is their prevailing beauty; yet the analogy between European and Arabian legends, and the probable accounts how the same spirit and genius of fiction might be transferred from Asia to these northern climes, are not, as it should seem, a probable solution, even with the assistance of the Crusades, for the nature and variety of European romances. Much we conceive, must still be left for the native exertions and the original product of invention. The innumerable hords that migrated from the North-East, and overflowed the West, were not without their romantic fictions; of a different species, indeed, from the Arabic fabling; but the latter came quickly to incorporate with them; and the romance of the Arab seemed only as a splendid caparison to the chivalry of the Goth. To his opinion with respect to the peculiar influence of women under the Gothic establishment, we readily subscribe; but the small degree of attention and respect with which the Greeks and Romans treated the fair sex, and that inconsiderable share which they were permitted to take in conversation, and the general commerce of life, seem carried to an extreme which the classical writers (to whom he appeals) will scarcely warrant. Had the female insignificance and seclusion, ascribed to classic times, been predicated of the women of modern Greece, the remark had been just. But fixed on the eras of Sophocles and Alcibiades, of Propertius and Tibullus Brutus and Cato, it loses all manner of propriety. In regard to the second dissertation, and that on the Gesta Romanorum, prefixed to the third volume, we have nothing to do but to approve and admire. The period of antiquity at which he commences his work, is by no means a field for popular recreation. Some of the flowers, indeed, which may be collected in a scene so vast and uncultivated, are neither without fragrance nor beauty; but these are not to be enjoyed by a taste formed upon modern composition. The obsolete terms, and uncouth numbers, through which the few rays of genius which appear in that remote era must appear, almost eclipse their lustre, and leave it entirely indiscernible, except to such eyes as are accustomed to derive pleasure from a long and distant retrospect. Those observations will apply to the various extracts given of metrical romances, and other legendary performances, from the commencement of the history till the days of Chaucer. We do not deny but that Langland has merit; his descriptions are picturesque, his characters just and natural, and his satire poignant; but the harsh versification, and antiquated style in which he writes, must render these beauties imperceptible to the greatest number of readers; and we must still denominate the age of Chaucer not only the era of refinement in English versification, but even the dawn of poetical genius. How glorious the meridian at which it arrived, under the auspices of Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, we need not attempt to describe.

The predominant features of this agreeable and instructive work, are elegant composition, acute and genuine criticism, and literary research. But it is not Warton's principal merit, that he investigates his subject with the patience of an antiquary, and the acuteness of a critic; from his accurate delineation of character, it is evident that he has inspected the manners of mankind as they accasionally pass before him, with the penetrating eye of a philosopher. This praise he has merited by his preliminary Dissertations by his elaborate account of Chaucer and his poetry, and by his reflections tending to establish a full estimate of the genius of the poetry of Queen Elizabeth's reign; which compose the concluding section of his third volume. The History of English Poetry has rare and striking merits, and may be justly considered as a valuable accession to English literature. But it is not

without its defects. He has shown, it would seem, more solicitude in collecting his materials, than perspicuity and accuracy in arranging them. Hence it has been found so dry and oppressive, as to subdue the eagerness of the generality of readers; and hence nearly one fourth of the second volume is filled with errata and amendments to the first; a circumstance the more remarkable, as he was not tied down to precipitate publication by a subscription; as his business was literature; as he had been long accustomed to the use of the press; and as he was equally possessed of learning and leisure.

[*To be Continued.*]

MEDICAL.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DISSERTATIO MEDICA INAUGURALIS,

DE

MENTIS LITERARUM STUDIOSÆ INCITAMENTIS, MALIS ET REGIMINE.

AUCTORE ANDREA STEWART.

EX conditione ista quæ homini obtigit, ratio naturæ intelligentis undique enitet.

Corporis ipsius forma vel ad usum accommodatior, vel ad speciem pulchrior fingi non potest. Sensus, tanquam animi speculatores, ex conformatione situque suo, et ad res percipiendas, et à periculo cavendum, callidissime sunt accommodati. Membrorum structura artuumque nexus, stabilitatem simul facilemque motum corpori præstant. Internam fabricam insuper ita machinata est natura, ut, dum pulmones aptissimi sunt ad ducendum spiritum istum, qui sanguinem vi sua vitali identidem imbuit, liquore gastrico, motuque ventriculi et intestinorum concoquatur cibus; unde à lactiferis secernitur et resorbetnr succus iste, quo nutrimur, qui tunc ad cor fluit, et inde in omnes partes permanat; et ex fluido isto corpus subinde reficitur, et ad omnia ejus munera aptum evadit. Huic machinæ tam multiplici etiam, quo homo ex omni parte instructus, consilioque naturæ dignior existeret, præfectus est animus, variis facultatibus et dotibus præditus. Et inde fit ut longè inter cætera animalia emineat. Huic enim dum aliorum corpora prona sunt, sublimis oris aspectus, sensusque latè rerum interpretes dati fuerunt. Dum cætera corporis tantum, hic et mentis ingeniique oblectatione perfruitur. Hujus igitur causa, terra condita et ornata fuisse videtur; et in ea, si fortè legum rationisque naturæ interpres fieri, aut ingenii vim insitam pulchritudinem ejus contemplando polire cupiat, quanta rerum et ad cultum (ne dicam usum) delectationemque ejus comparata est ubertas! Nam ut mentis ipsius dotes nunquam satis mirandas præteream,.....quis unquam vel rei minutissimæ fabricam speciemque; vel mundi ipsius ordinem, venustatem et amplitudinem perlustraverit, qui in iis solertiam, et rationem prorsus divinam, non agnoverit? Qualia sunt vis et sapientia ista, ex quibus non solum materiæ brutæ planè et inertis atomi mutationes subire, et chemicè seipsos disponere queant, sed constantes etiam fiunt astrorum motus, quorum si vel unum fuerit deturbatum, ingentem secum traheret ruinam?

Quisnam putet, ni mens ista divinior desit, annuum cursum et quotidianam terræ conversionem, efficientes tam ratas tempestatum dieique noctisque vicissitudines, et unde tanta et tam varia hominibus proveniunt commoda, rem esse indignam, cui studium impenderet? Et si animum ad orbem ipsum, quem homines incolæ teneant, ex omne parte instructum, et in usum eorum accommodatum verteremus, quanta et quam latè accedunt mentis rerum studiosæ incitamenta!...Quam justum libramen istud, quod oceanum inter et tellurem intervenit! et quantum, ut alia præteream, vel in forma ipsa orbis agnoscitur! notum est enim iis, qui operam physicæ dederint, terras, si iste omnino rotundus esset, mari oppletas et obrutas fore.

Quis porrò non videt, ut aër iste tenuis, qui nos undique, velut oceanus quidam æthereus involvit et circumfluit, dum aliter vitam foveat, animanti cuique spiritum salutiferam largiatur! Et quoniam usu multo noxius paulatim fieret, natura instituit, ut frigus acre et venti agitantes qui mare summum tractusque virentes præstringunt, continuo vim ejus renovent, et ad munera sua idoneum reddant. Hujus insuper talis est natura, ut circum orbem fusus subinde, præsertim quum venti æquora soli subdita perflant, magna vi aquæ imbutus evadit. Hæc primò per campos longè liquentes diffusa, deinde in nubes coacta, iterum in terras pluvia effunditur. Hinc fiunt fontium perennitates, fluminum lapsus et humus latè mollis et segeti apta. Ex sole caloris luminisque fonte etiam speciem ornatiorem induit natura, et volvente anno quasi vita et lætitia perfunditur undique terra. Hinc verè novo, cœli imbribus et solis calore fotæ, gemmas protrudunt arbores, et campi longe virescunt. Lætæ hinc sub æstate proveniunt segetes, fervet latè opus, pecudes pastu gaudent, et arrident omnia circùm. Hinc denique autumnus flavis vestit agros aristis, et dum lætum ubique conciliat animum, cuique animanti victum copiosè largitur.

Quàm varia præterea et exploratu digna est, ista morum, vitæ, et conformationis, quæ in singulis animantium generibus agnoscitur, ratio! Horum alia gradiendo, alia serpendo, aves volando, et pisces denique nando apta, natura effinxit. Mirè quoque iis regionibus, quas singula incolunt, accommodata fuerunt; sub septentrione enim villorum aut lanæ vestitus est contra frigus tutamini; dum meridiem versus, pilosus et tenuior pellis, ne corpus æstu lædatur efficit. Sunt etiam plerumque armis, præsidii causa instructa; et ne plura dicam, instinctibus istis gaudent, quibus quodque eorum etiamsi ratione expers in seligendo idoneo cibo, et procreando atque conservando genere suo, certissimè regitur.

Sed dum hæc singula quasi jure suo, animum ad scientiam et studia humaniora ducunt; species rerum universa vix minùs eodem tendit. Quis enim unquam, naturæ mutationes indentidem subientis copiam, decus et amplitudinem, præsertim si ingenium ad musas proclivius esset, perlustraverit, cui non erat voluptati?

Si ad terræ interiora spectes, ibi vis magna metallorum recnoditur,...ibique natura immania semper et inexplicanda molitur. Facilis humus undique dum cœlum æstiva luce recluditur, flores, fruges, fructusque fundit; et inter hyemem cum etiam, folia deciderint, et terræ ornatus latè senuerit,.... vastitas immanis, nubila, tenebræ et fulgura coruscantia, dum cordi humano aliter terrorem incutiunt, menti ingenuæ voluptatem quandam prædltam subministrant. Natura quidem nunc speciem augustam potiùs, vel etiam horrendam, nunc verò lenem, cultam, et venustiorem induit. Pulchritudo et majestas quædam abnormis ubicunque regnant.

Hic montes silvestres attolluntur, illic valles jacent per quas errant amnes. Hic arva segete læta patent, illic saltus et lustra ferarum. Hùc adde lenes rivorum strepitus, vestitus riparum, concentus avium, nemorumque comas.

'Speluncæ,' etiam, 'vivique lacûs, et frigida Tempe,...mugitusque boûm, mollesque sub arbore somni,....non absunt.'

Has inter amœnitates, cùm cœlos latè patentes, cum mare ingens subinde refluens, et terras tanta varietate distinctas, lustremus, tanquam liquida voluptate perfunditur animus. Numen aliquod persentire videmur, quod naturam universam pervadit, conservat, quasi anima imbuit, et latè pulchritudine ornat. Et in hâc tanta rerum ubertate, quomodo fieri potest, quin animus ingenuus, si locus modò doctrinam excolendo datus fuerit, amore ejus corriperetur?

Plura autem restant. Literæ enim istæ, quibus artes atque res hominum gestæ, poëtarum munera, et quicquid unquam de naturæ ordine et ratione compertum fuit, memoriæ fuerunt prodita,...fiunt etiam quasi cognitionis fontes, et studiorum incitamenta.

Et inde, prout sua quemque trahat indoles, vel cultum, vel scientiam abunde haurire licet. Hoc modò vetustas reviviscit, et cum viris istis clarioribus, quorum vitæ et exempla nobis sunt proposita, colloquimur. Ortus et provectior ætas Scientiarum, cum divitiis, ut ita dicam, mentis humanæ cunctis, nisu multo, et per longinqua tempora comparatis, recluduntur. Cultum, sapientiam, incepta, et quodcunque vel hominum singulorum, vel gentium memoria dignius fuerint intuemur, et intuendo suscipimus. Quum homines igitur sese ad studia humaniora contulissent, innumera ferè, si ingenio saltem acriore sint, animum perciunt. Scientiæ fontes undique patent. Dulcedo quædam gloriæ sese subdit; atque proventus fructus simul et delectationis quam plurimus, dum ulteriora petunt, remuneratur ita ut, quò plùs sciant, eò plùs scire cupiant. Doctrinam excolendo quidem, animus, haud aliter quàm corpus inter cibum et exercitationem, validus et potens fit; et revera, homines isti, qui animum ita disciplina quadam rationis altiore conformârunt, et ditaverunt, vix minùs ab aliis, quàm hi à cæteris animalibus distant. Dotes, quibus ad consilium, imperium, cæteraque vitæ munera difficiliora pollent, excelsiores sunt, et quæ præmia honoris sibi, quasi jure suo, vindicant. Et ubinam gentium, quidem, fuit iste unquam tam ferus et immansuetus repertus, qui etiamsi nequaquam possideret, tamen possidendas et laudandas esse censeret?

Sin verò delectatio sola peteretur....unde aptius vel uberius, quàm ex Studiorum cultu, quæ homines semper, 'esse animi remissionem liberalissimam et humanissimam judicârunt,' haurire liceat? 'Cætera enim,' ut ait Cicero, 'neque omnium hominum sunt, neque temporum, neque locorum: sed hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant; secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium et solatium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foras, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.'

Sed, quum vita, rerum literarumque studiis dedita, ita incitamentis et deliciis suis abundet,....ex alterâ parte fatendum est, eam sæpe etiam malis et incommodis stipari. Et, quoniam omnes, in re tantæ magnitudinis versatos, eniti oportet, ut qualia sint et quomodo effugienda compertum habeant, ...de causis atque naturâ eorum fusius aliquid disserere erit necesse.

Mala igitur, quibus studiorum amantiores sunt obnoxii, et fonte vario proveniunt; atque eò semper graviora sunt, quod mens culta et expolita acrius persentit. Furtim plerumque obrepunt; et molestiæ aliquid, potiùs quàm damni, sub initio præ se ferunt. Si quando autem diutiùs invaluissent, sævitiam quandam insolitam, ni fortiter iis obviam itum fuerit, sibi adsciscunt; et tandem eò usque nonnunquam, ut et animi corporisque vires labefactarint et perdiderint, evaserunt.

Sed ut altius omnia repetamus:...cùm homines operam literis dederint, nulla forsitan res est, quæ sese malis uberiorem præstat, quàm doctrinæ nimia et intempestiva consectatio. Et in hanc plerumque necessitate quadam incidunt.

Ubicunque animus in studia humanitatis et scientiæ proclivior est, vi alta ingenii ac rationis ferè semper gaudet: et dum ordinem naturæ perquirit, vel opes vetustatis recolit, delectatur, non solum propterea quod doctrina locupletatus fuerit, sed etiam quod usus et honores, quibus doctrinâ ista inserviat, prospicit. Et inde fit, ut, quo plus comperiat, eò vis major accedat incitamenti. Siquis igitur, facultate quadam philosophiæ præditus, et hoc modo concitatus, in studia sua totus incubuerit, vix aliter in iis versabatur, quin tandem animus ejus in nisum cogitationis perpetuum sese daret. Et, ex hujusmodi consuetudine, si forte usu diuturniore obfirmata fuerit, quanta et quam varia proveniunt mala! Modus est in rebus quem nemo unquam impune transgressus est. Mens ipsa, fortasse, ita suapte natura fuerit conformata, ut vim cogitandi facile perferre queat. Sed, dum corpori, quod planè imbecillum est, multisque casibus ob-

noxium, præsit, ex mutuo eorum et mirando quidem nexu et consensu, altera alterius habitui semper obtemperatur. Et quoniam, inter nisum mentis nimium vel diuturniorem, corpus, dum motibus ejus paret, labefactatur,....mens ipsa, haud aliter, ut ita dicam, quàm arcus, qui tensus diu manserit, elasticitatem ejus simul incumbendo perdit. Huic etiam accedit, quòd menti contemplationi deditæ, cùm in ulteriora semper nititur, quodcunque munus ab hâc vitæ ratione alienum, sese obtulerit, invisum ferè erit. Et, siquando res aliqua cogitationes ejus subitò dimoverit, et delectationem, qua jam potitura erat, surripuerit, fieri non potest, quin tædii ac perturbationis multum ei exinde conciliaretur.

Quinetiam hæcce literarum aviditas studiosos facile in secessum urget. Domi fere sese abdunt, quod locus ibi minùs interpellationi datur: Et, si modo mentis ingeniique voluptate perfruantur, et doctrinæ opes, paulatim fortassè vel sibi ipsis inutiles futuras, undique comparent, omnium, quæcunque ad corporis sanitatem pertinent, juxta sunt improvidi. Dum alii inter suos lætantur, vel, per agros fortassè vagantes, subinde vires ex aëre puro et exercitatione repetunt, illi suâ sponte ab his omnibus exulant. Sed, quoniam sese impune à naturâ diu alienare nequeunt....malis paulatim obsidentur. Tenebrosum aliquid mentem suffundit; et, sine dotibus istis salutiferis, quas aër et exercitatio ministrant,...sanguis quasi venis moratur, nervi soluti fiunt, et systema totum vapidum, laxum, et effœtum evadit.

In consuetudine autem mentis rerum literarumque studiosæ, alia, præter nisum intempestivum, ferè nocent.

Commercium vitæ solitum plerisque est voluptati. Sed, quo res ita sese habeat,....multa quidem, quæ docti rariùs sunt, veluti morum comitas urbanior, et sales quidam, vel levis saltem sermonis facilitas, debent accedere. Exulanti verò, ut ita dicam, ab aliis, et contemplationi altæ perpetuò dedito, nec locus idoneus ferè nec indoles, quæ ad hujusmodi cultum eum adducerent, scientiæ amantiori adsunt. Cultus externus etiam, graviori diu posthabitus, paulatim spernitur: et, quum hic desit, siquando in cœtu solitò versetur, brevi ferè constat dotes, quibus ad scientiæ munera prælta valeat, cum ingenio istius, levis, ac festivi, minimè convenire.

Sed dum solito colloquio ita parum aptus sit,... ex altera parte, sæpiùs ab eo suâ sponte abhorret. Diu nova et recondita exquirere et mirari assueto, quod aliis in aperto est, et communis equidem sermonis consuetudo, vix oblectamenti aliquid offerunt. Et revera, dum, scientiæ amore inexplebili percitus, spatium cogitationis suæ undique ampliare conatur, respicere,... et cum aliis, de his rebus, quæ jam amplius mentis complexum adimplere, vel novi aliquid subministrare nequeunt, colloqui,.... est, quod rariùs sine inquietudinis sensu conceditur.

Ita ipsum vitæ commercium, quod, ut jam dixi, plerisque est voluptati, sæpe doloris potiùs quam remissionis conciliatrix evadit. Sub noctis adventum, è negotiis suis elapsi, mercator et artifex sese queunt in gremium consortionis pergratæ, ubi, inter nugas fortassè risusque hilaritatem, curæ mordaces citò aufugient, recipere. At post nisus mentis validos, dieique labores quantoslibet, ubi reperiri potest cœtus iste, ni fortè paucissimorum quidem, unde doctus, sese non potiùs pertæsum, et cum desiderio adamatæ solitudinis multo, eriperet?

Sed, fortasse, cultus et amplificatio mentis ipsa, fiunt aliquando causæ infelicitatis ejus gravissimæ. Cæteris præjacet undique spatii inexploranti quædam amplitudo, diu inter progrediendum, novi, pulchri et excelsi aliquid cum delectationis inde proventis plurimo, subinde largitura. At, cum naturæ studiosi, ab altâ contemplatione destiterint, et intra limites cogitationis solitæ, ut ita dicam, sese receperint,....res ferè notæ, et communes, complexui mentium suarum vix sufficiunt; ideoque, vacui, vexati, et miseri fiunt.

Est etiam, ubi, innumera ista, quæ vel recensuerunt, vel recensuri sunt, circumspicientibus, animus, vix aliter quàm si per mare altum, vastum et ignotum tenderent, obstupet et quodammodo deficit.

Ex alterâ parte, si studiosi musis operam suam potiùs dedissent,...ratio mentis est nonnihil diversa; vim istam enim, quæ poëtæ innascitur, contemplando speciem rerum, vel quicquid decoris et aptitudinis iis insit, quæ mens ipsa effingit, subinde expoliunt. Et inde fit, ut mores ingeniaque hominum, vel etiam literarum, gustu quodam facilè dignoscant.

At sensus iste cultior, qui in secessu deliciarum iis plurimum præbet, foras prodeuntibus, propterea quòd multum à vitæ consuetudine solita dissidet, haud rarò multum infelicitatis conciliat. In eo rerum statu, quem fictrix imaginatio simulat, quodcunque sese offerat, est ex omni parte cultum, decorum, et amabile. Concinnitas et elegantia ubique enitent. Homines, quibuscum colloquuntur, et quasi commorantur, dotibus ornatissimi sunt. Ingenio, cultu, et honoris atque amicitiæ consuetudine quadam prælta et insolitâ, valent. At siquando è somniis istis excitati, prodierint, et in hâc rerum hominumque turbâ sese versari animadverterint; nihil ferè est, gustui mentis acriori conveniat. Dissimilitudo quædam, molestiæ et doloris causa uberrima, undique agnoscitur. Amicum vix inveniunt; et tædio, vel etiam fastidio, nonnunquam ducti, tandem à vitæ commercio et officiis sese ex magna parte alienârunt.

Ex hâc mentis indole aliâ etiam proveniunt mala; quicquid enim illis vel molesti, vel adversi, in vitæ decursu inciderit, ab eâ ferè vim novam et aliquando sævitiam mutuat.

[*To be continued.*]

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Observations upon certain passages in Mr. Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, which appear to have a tendency to Subvert Religion, and established a False Philosophy.

[*Concluded.*]

In the course of this curious train of evidence against the blacks, Mr. Jefferson says 'It would be unfair to follow them to Africa for this investigation. We will consider them here, on the same stage with the whites, and where the facts are not apocryphal on which a judgment is to be formed.' What! would it be unfair to view them in their own country and native condition, where the better sort live fearless and unrestrained? And does justice bid us examine their mental powers, while in a state of servitude, rendered sullen by ignominy, and broken down by labour? And although in large and civilized communities there never appear more than a few scattered geniuses who deserve attention, does impartiality command us to criticise the talents and literary productions of a few negroes who have escaped the unhappy lot of their brethren; and because they fall far short of European excellence, to degrade their whole race below the rest of mankind? This may be modern equity, taught by modern philosophy. Mr. Park, however, who seems not to have been actuated by such refined notions of justice, has very ungenerously visited them in their own country; and he has discovered, without submitting them 'to the anatomical knife, to optical glasses, to analysis by fire or by solvents,' that almost every feature of the mental portrait which Mr. Jefferson has attempted to delineate, is as unlike the original, as the most fantastic appearance which his curious looming mountain ever assumed, was to its real figure. Mr. Park has clearly shown, in the account of his adventures, that their love is not 'more an eager desire than a tender delicate mixture of sentiment and sensation.' They appear not only susceptible of the purest love, but many of them to possess hearts so generous and compassionate, that civilized nations might profit by their example. Although they have not 'been liberally educated,' nor 'lived in countries where the arts and sciences are cultivated to a considerable degree,' they have carried their arts to a much higher degree of excellence, than to 'crayon out an animal, a plant, or a country.' And there is every reason to suppose that they are not inferior in oratory to the native Americans. This, at least, is certain, that their thoughts are often far, very far, 'above the level of plain narration.' We find, too, that misery can produce poetry among them: not their own misery, but the misery of a disconsolate and nearly famished traveller, whom their kindness relieved. And while they have subjects like the story of Denman and Abdulkader, we must acknowledge that, however rude their compositions, the heroes of their songs are not inferior in magnanimity to any in the Iliad or Æneid. The last argument which is brought against their being of the same species with the whites, is a comparison between them and the slaves of the Romans. A great deal of trouble is taken to show that the condition of the ancient slaves was much more deplorable than that of the enslaved Africans; and we are told that, 'notwithstanding these and other discouraging circumstances among the Romans, their slaves were often their rarest artists. They excelled too in science, insomuch as to be usually employed as tutors to their master's children.' Every classical reader must be astonished that a person who presumes to quote so freely from the ancients as Mr. Jefferson has done, could, even while he was treading on classic ground, overlook this obvious distinction between the ancient and modern slaves. The negroes who are brought to this country are poor uncivilized creatures, as ignorant as they are unfortunate, and the greater part of them brought up in servitude before they come: but the ancient slaves, all know, were captives in war, ofttimes equally civilized with their conquerors, and frequently far superior to them in all the fine arts and useful sciences. No wonder, then, that they should be often freed, and even employed as instructors.

> Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
> Intulit agresti Latio.

A precious sample this of philosophical reasoning: because the uncivilized Africans are not as good sculptors and poets as were the enslaved Greeks, they are not worthy to be called men. Mr. Jefferson, however, very tenderly advises us not to draw a hasty conclusion, as that 'conclusion would degrade a whole race of men from the rank in the scale of beings which their Creator may perhaps have given them.' Very pretty truly! the scale of beings which their Creator may *perhaps* have given them. Now let the reader add to this piece of tender advice the following passage; and if prejudice has not cast a veil before him darker than night, he cannot but preceive that the whole drift of what we have been examining is to establish the brutal theory mentioned at the beginning of this long paragraph. The passage is this: 'It is not against experience to suppose, that different species of the same genus, or varieties of the same species, may possess different qualifications. Will not a lover of natural history, then, one who views the gradations in all the races of animals with the eye of philosophy, excuse an effort to keep those in the department of man, as distinct as nature has formed them? Here let

us leave the black men. And the reader, no doubt, is as happy to quit this tiresome investigation as is the writer.

We will say nothing of Mr. Jefferson's seventeenth Query, in which he treats of the different religions in the State of Virginia. The principal arguments in it are adduced to prove the impropriety of a religious establishment; the merits or demerits of which it is not our business to discuss. And as to the unbecoming levity with which religion in general is there treated, William Smith, Esq. of South-Carolina, in the Letters of Phocion, has already exposed it so judiciously and so handsomely, that every body who is displeased with Mr. Jefferson's book must regret that Mr. Smith himself did not undertake to 'scrutinize and strip it of its borrowed garb.'

Thus have we gone through the principal parts in the Notes on Virginia which appear hostile to the religion of our forefathers. And it is hoped that no misrepresentation has been made, and nothing indecorous uttered. If, however, these observations be guilty of any injustice, the writer of them solemnly declares that he is unsconscious of it; and, as an honest man, would rejoice to be corrected.

It is easy enough to deny any thing. The axioms in mathematics have been denied; even our existence has been doubted. But can any person who believes the testimony of his senses and reason, deny that the book which offers a theory of the earth contrary to the scripture account of the creation; which denies the possibility of an universal deluge; which considers the Bible history as no better than ordinary tradition; which extols Voltaire and the French Encyclopedists, the imps who have inspired all the wickedness with which the world has of late years been infested; which says that the natives of America are older than those of Asia, though scripture says that the world was peopled from one pair, placed in Asia; which considers it as a doubtful matter whether the blacks be really men, or only an intermediate grade between us and the brutes; and which esteems all religions 'good enough;' can he deny that this book is an instrument of infidelity? Surely not: it bears the stamp of modern philosophy as palpably as Le compère Matthieu; not from its learning or ingenuity, but from the insidious manner in which it conveys what are called its philosophical doctrines. At all events, if by twisting and glossing over the passages quoted, a doubt can possibly remain as to the justice of the charge brought against them it must be confessed that the author of the Notes on Virginia is one of the most confused and unintelligible writers that ever the world produced. And all good Christians should ardently hope that he would prefer the imputation of being a bad composer, to the suspicion of being an humble follower of modern French philosophers. Wretched, indeed, is our country, if she is to be enlightened by these philosophers; philosophers whose industry is equalled by nothing but their vanity, whose pursuits are impeded by no danger nor difficulty; by no law, human or divine; who think nothing too great for them to grasp, and nothing too minute to be observed: they dig into the bowels of the earth, and climb the loftiest mountains; they traverse the ocean, and explore the regions of air; they search the written records of antiquity, and the traditions of savages; they build up theories of shells and bones and straws. And for what? Is it to render more stable the uncertain condition of man? Is it to alleviate one of the miseries which afflict his nature? No; it is to banish civilization from the earth, that we may be reduced to the state of savages; to pluck from the wretched their sweetest consolation; to extinguish the only light by which the Christian hopes to cheer the gloomy hour of death; to quench the thirst for immortality which the Creator has attached to our nature; to degrade us from the rank of angels, to which we are taught to aspire, that we may complete the catalogue of brutes. In Great Britain, thanks to her pious and learned divines and philosophers, they have been silenced and put to confusion. There, a veteran band has met them face to face; has given them blow for blow, fact for theory, solid reason for superficial gloss, and contempt for ridicule. But in this country, though no one has genius to write like Voltaire, and though party squabbles engross the principal attention of the community; yet, when the business of regulating the commonwealth affords leisure for other considerations, there is hardly a young spark to be found who is not a profound politician, and a philosopher into the bargain. The newly licensed attorney, who can scarcely draught a declaration; the merchant's clerk, whose highest knowledge is to get a note discounted; the young doctor, who does not know the difference between the 'skin and scarf skin;' and the young buck, who knows nothing at all; can all talk, by the hour, about the rights of man, and about mammoth bones and oyster-shells; they can make it as plain as an axiom, that all mankind are as equal as a set of ninepins; and that Moses knew no more about the age of the world than a Mohock.

The writer cannot conclude these remarks without expressing his regret that more of the well-disposed among his young countrymen do not devote their leisure hours to the attainment of useful learning, rather than to frivolous amusements or political wrangling. If more took pains to understand the nature of the subjects about which they pretend to dispute, there would necessarily be more thinking, and less talking; and we might reasonably expect that sober investigation would take place of that illiberal and individual abuse which is so prevalent; more becoming the Moors of Ludamar than civilized Americans. If but a few young men of talents would devote their spare hours to the attainment of true knowledge, and join hand and heart together, they might in time become a Spartan phalanx, which would, at least, make a noble, if not a successful stand against the barbarian host, who, it is to be feared, are silently plotting to throw off the restraints of religion, and to bear down the essential principles of government.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REV. Mr. ABERCROMBIE'S SERMON.

We understand, from valid authority, that, in consequence of the request of many of the literary and political friends of the Rev. James Abercrombie, that gentleman intends, in the course of a few weeks, to publish his sermon on the death of General Hamilton. Themes so copious and interesting, as the baneful practice of duelling, and the last mournful consequence of this Gothic vice, will not only excite, but, we may take leave to add, will *display* the powers of the reverend orator, as a Christian minister, and an eloquent panegyrist.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NEW TRANSLATION OF VOLNEY'S TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

The celebrated author of Travels through Syria, has very lately published at Paris *Tableau du Climat et du sol des Etats Unis, &c.* For the honour of our country, we are happy to learn that a translation of this interesting work is now in a state of great forwardness, by Mr. Charles B. Brown, of this city, whose talents as an author in various walks of literature have been long advantageously known to the public, and whose scrupulous purity of style, industrious habits, and knowledge of the French idiom, render him fully adequate to the task of a translator. We have had the double opportunity of seeing a portion of Mr. Brown's translation, and that published for Mr. Johnson, the British bookseller. It gives us pleasure to add, that the domestic version is fully equal, if not superior, to the foreign; and, for the reputation of a very ingenious man of letters, and the emolument of one of the most respectable booksellers in America, we sincerely wish that these travels may be purchased with avidity, and criticised with candour.

LEVITY.

[*From Gray's Norfolk Register.*]

Circular Letters—Are not more common from our knowing members of congress to their constituents, than they are from the kind, attentive, and intelligent merchants of the Hans-Towns to their *friends* in America. These latter, also, never fail to *print* their circulars, which they generally send in duplicate and triplicate; with price-current and other papers inclosed, in such quantities, as to amount to no trifling sum for postage in the course of a year. Another circumstance attends the receipts of those communications; from ignorance of the topography of this country, or carelesness of the expense occasioned, the writers frequently send them to that port most distant from their address. Many acts of retaliation have been practised; a merchant of Baltimore once inclosed to Rucker and Wortmann of Hamburg one hundred of their own letters, by way of Spain—and a wag in Philadelphia, some years ago, addressed the following letter to another Hamburg house, which we republish as a specimen of good practical humour.

Philadelphia, Dec. 10, 1797.

To Mr. J. Amberg, a merchant in Hamburg.

I had the peculiar satisfaction of receiving, on the 7th instant, by the way of Baltimore, your very respectable favour of the first of January last, covering a price-current of Hamburg, and a state of your market for articles of import as well as export.

Having been honoured with several like communications from you, by the way of Boston, New-York, &c. for which I have paid several dollars postage, I thought it but just and grateful to make some handsome acknowlegements of such singular favours, and have, therefore, inclosed, for your perusal, Poulson's Almanac, for the present year, in which you will find some very shrewd prognostics of the weather; and although the year will in a few days expire, yet it will, no doubt, afford you great pleasure to know that we mostly have some kind of weather in this outlandish country; and, furthermore, it must prove very agreeable to be informed of the kind we have had even in times past.

For your further information, I have sent herewith 'Gale's Independent Gazetteer,' for Jan. 3, 1797; in it you will perceive advertised for sale, 'twenty thousand weight of rappee snuff, fit for exportation;' a capital job; and several other advertisements and articles of equal value and present utility.

I have annexed, for your particular government, a list of several articles of domestic produce and manufacture, which, I have no doubt, will also contribute much to your advantage.

This goes via England, and you may expect to have the benefit of frequently hearing from me in the same way. Waiting your very agreeable commands, I am yours, &c.

PRICES-CURRENT,

INCLOSED IN THE ABOVE LETTER.

Potato's—Small ones, 2s. 10d. to 3s. 3d. per bushel; large and mealy, 3s. 9d. to 4s. 6d.

Cabbage—Small and rough, 2d. to 4d. per head; large, fit for sour-crout, 6d. to 10d.

Onions—Red and strong 5d. to 10d. per rope; white and comfortable, 1s. 3d. to 1s. 10d.

*Magnolio Flowers—2d. to 5d. per bunch; none at the market.

Bear's meat—Best quality, 10d. to 1s. 6d. per lb.

Samp—9d. to 11d. per quart.

Rabbits—Skin and all, 5½d. to 11¼d. per piece.

Opossums—Single bellied, 3s. 6d. to 5s. 7d. per piece; double bellied, 5s. to 7s. 6d.

Eggs—Fresh laid and virgin, 1s. 8d. to 2s. with chickens in the same.

Cows Tails—1d. per piece.

Bull's do.—2d. to 4d. do.

Pepperpot—Made of tripe, 3d. a cupful; with chickens in it, 5d.

*Cash—7s. 6d. per dollar.

☞ Articles marked thus *, are not to be depended upon for large supplies.

THE CONVENIENCE OF COUGHING.

[From the Sentimental Magazine.]

SIR,

There are few disorders incident to the human frame, which people seem more desirous of curing than a *cough*. For their timidity, in this respect, I never could obtain a proper reason. Coughing is, unquestionably, in some cases, attended with a degree of pain; but, have we actually arrived at an age of light, and reason, and philosophy, and yet cannot endure a little pain? Admitting that the pain is on some occasions troublesome; or granting that it is, on those occasions, much greater than it has been represented; is there nothing to balance it? Is not the possession of a cough, and the liberty of using it when we please, an advantage of the first importance? It is, indeed, so valuable a substitute for speech, that I do not see how we can part with it, without suppressing those opinions, which we are not allowed to give in words.

The great utility of *coughing* appears principally in the senate, the pulpit, and at the bar. To begin with the senate. Suppose a member had made a speech so long as to become tiresome, and so dull as to create no interest, and that he still persists in wearing out the patience of his hearers, what are they to do? None of them dare to interrupt him in words; not even the Speaker of the house himself can request him to conclude before he pleases. What then is to be done? Why, sir, half a dozen, or a dozen of his brethren begin a coughing *chorus*, which they repeat until he is completely put to silence. And it very fortunately happens that this venerable assembly hold their sittings in winter, when coughs are more frequent than at any other season, and when, consequently, a member may provide himself with this method to reply, at a very easy rate.

In the church, coughing is of considerable service. If the rev. Mr. A——, or the dean of B——, or the bishop of C——, happen to say any thing which seems to allude to a person or persons present, they can immediately communicate their opinions to one another, by a gentle, tickling cough, ay, and understand each other through a whole dialogue, at the expense of the preacher, who thinks, poor man! that their lungs are touched; whereas it is only their consciences.

At the bar, during the harangue of some able and eloquent lawyer, I have often heard a clandestine cough between his opponent and the jury, which was translated into very plain English when they came to give their verdict. Winks and nods any person may detect, but the language of coughing is confined to your old practitioners.

In the private intercourses of life, the advantage of coughing have, I dare say, been experienced by most persons who will honour this letter with a perusal. At the tea-table, when characters come to be discussed, upon which occasion it may not be always safe to speak out, a cough supplies the want of words. Praise an absent character, and accompany your words with a proper intermixture of coughing, and the company will immediately understand that you mean the very reverse of what you say. In another case, when a person advances any thing to which you are not disposed to assent, but which, for certain reasons, you do not choose to contradict, a cough will explain your intention very fully. This is particularly useful when listening to what old aunts and uncles advance, from whom we have great expectations, and who, therefore, must not be thwarted. It will likewise often happen that we are tempted to laugh, and yet must suppress it: this is exceedingly painful, especially when we see another person in the same situation. The laugh begins involuntarily; but any expert person may soon change it into a fit of coughing; and when he is black in the face, who will dare to dispute the severity of the disease?

In playing at cards, I know, from experience, that coughing is much resorted to, although I can by no means defend any practice that is unfair. The Tabithas and Dorothys, however, do not scruple to inform each other of the state of their hands by means of a gentle coughing *duet*, intelligible only to themselves, I am convinced I have lost many a game because my opponents were not provided with pectoral lozenges, or sat with their back to the door, or slept with a window open, or some other cause; while I well know they would not have parted with their cough for five shillings *per* night.

I have thus, Sir, set down at random some of the advantages of coughing; and I hope that the ingenious gentleman who executes the medical department of your Magazine, will hereafter mention this disorder with a becoming tenderness, and not hint at a cure, which, I am persuaded, would be to all the personages above mentioned a very great misfortune.

I am, Sir, &c.

TUSSIPHILUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SECOND VOLUME OF

PINKERTON'S GEOGRAPHY.

Messrs. CONRAD have, with great care and expense, at length completed an edition of a most valuable scientific work, and vol. II, of Pinkerton's Geography, exhibiting a view of *our own* country, will probably be perused with still more interest, than the first. During the progress of this work through the Press, we have had leisure to examine the criticisms of every Literary Journal which deserves attention, either for its age, accuracy, or reputation. We find an universal suffrage of the critics, in favour of these volumes, and the* *Edinburgh Review* which is not less remarkable for its rigour of analysis, and the severity of its strictures, than for sparkling wit, and ingenuity of illustration has very liberally extolled our author. Even the Anti-Jacobin, a journal which is austere to that party in politics, of which, it is supposed, Mr. Pinkerton is a member, has, on this occasion, omitted all acrimony of invective, to give place to the most candid commendation. It appears, therefore, that this ingenious, copious, and useful system of a science, at once popular and indispensable, is eminently entitled to the patronage of the American Public, and we have the satisfaction to state that the enterprizing booksellers, who have embarked in an expensive undertaking, will not be reluctantly rewarded for their useful labour.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AMERICAN EDITION OF FERGUSON'S ROMAN HISTORY.

Messrs. Poyntell and Co. will shortly put to press Dr. FERGUSON'S History of the Progress and *Termination* of the Roman Republic. Few books of the historical class abound more in sterling good sense, and practical wisdom, than this instructive narrative of the exploits and dissensions of a great people. The style of Dr. Ferguson is manly, nervous, perspicuous and simple. It is not perpetually 'ambitious of ornament.' It does not so much resemble the tawdry purple of Gibbon and Gillies, as the more modest array of Xenophon and Cæsar. It is the style not of declamation, but of business; and to adopt a fine allusion from HORACE, Splendeat usu.

This excellent work has passed through five editions, by the last of which the American copy will be regulated. The Publishers, studious of the reader's economy and convenience, intend to compress the five volumes into three. These will be carefully and elegantly printed, in a manner, which will not dishonour the American press, nor tarnish the reputation of a book, which the soldier may study for its military, and the statesman, for its political, science; a work, whose lessons, if they do not inspire additional confidence in the *old* theories of Government, will, at least, deter the most outrageous Patriot from rashly tempting the *new*.

Mr. H. Maxwell, has printed in a very beautiful manner, a small edition in octavo, of Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope,' together with many fugitive Poems, some of which have never before appeared, except in ephemeral publications. This edition is rendered still more valuable to the lover of fine Poetry, in consequence of the agreeable addition of that charming Poem, 'The Pleasures of Memory.' This elegant volume is

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* This is a new Journal of Literature, published quarterly in the capital of Scotland; and, as we are informed from the most correct and respectable authority, is conducted by a club of Oxford and Edinburgh scholars, who have displayed so much Genius, Learning and industry in their critical researches, that their Review, though still in its infancy, rivals in extent of public patronage, the most favoured of the old and established Journals. In the front of these Scottish Critics, we find the name of H. Brougham, Esq. who has recently distinguished himself by a profound and eloquent work, on the Colonial Policy of Great Britain. We have had an opportunity, which we eagerly enjoyed, to peruse some of the initial numbers of the Edinburgh Review, and, with the exception of a very few articles, either of dangerous latitude, or fastidious and merciless censure, we had every reason to admire the wit, and acuteness of the ingenious young men, who, under 'the shelter of academic bowers' so ably analyse the Literature of the age.

a favourable specimen of American typography; and we are assured by one, whose professional employment demands a diligent scrutiny of the pages, and who has brighter eyes to detect the motes of error, than we, that this is nearly an immaculate edition.

Mr. James Humphreys, has published an excellent, and greatly improved edition of Montefiore's Commerical Dictionary. The Publisher has obtained the assistance of some ingenious American, who has manifested great industry, as well as ability, in the useful task of correcting and enlarging this work. It is incomparably superior to the London edition, and in its present reformed state, ought to be the manual of every merchant. The nature, extent, and use of the various alterations in these volumes are very well indicated in a Preface by the American editor, written with perspicuity, spirit and elegance.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH

THE KING v. STEPHENS AND AGNEW.

This case was argued to-day at great length, and with universally acknowledged ability, by Mr. Attorney General, Mr. Erskine, Mr Garrow, Mr. Adam, Mr. Wood, and M. Abbott on one side; and by Mr. Dallas, and Mr. Gibbs, on the other. To detail all the arguments which the ingenuity of Counsel suggested on so apparently simple a point, as the legal definition of the word 'until,' would occupy at least three columns of a newspaper; for the arguments exhausted three hours of the time of the court, but without tiring at all the patience either of the Judges or the Jury. We shall endeavour to shew the importance of the word 'until,' in the present case with as much conciseness as perspicuity will admit of.

By the 33d. George 3. cap. 52, certain penalties are inflicted on British subjects, in the service of Government, or of the East-India Company, residing in the East-Indies, for taking bribes, &c. To constitute the completion of the offence against which the statute, is directed, it is requisite that the bribe shall be taken, whilst the party taking it is resident in India, and in the service of Government, or the East-India Company. No person in a different situation comes within the meaning of the statute. The averment in the information on which the defts were found guilty is, that they were in the service of the East-India Company, for a great length of time, to wit, from the 1st of January, 1794, *until* the 29th of November, 1795; and that they committed the offence, &c. *on* the 29th of November, 1795. On all sides it is admitted, that they could not commit the offence (as servants of the East-India Company, &c.) when divested of that character and description which is incorporated with the substance of the crime. Mr. Dallas had moved in arrest of judgment on the ground that until was a word of exclusion of the 29th November, 1795. By being described as servants, &c. *until* that day, they could not, he contended, commit that offence, as servants, &c. *on* that day. Many learned arguments were urged; many cases cited; and even some pleasantry found way into the discussion. Said the Attorney General, 'If I ask a friend to dine with me and stay until the next day, is he to order his carriage a twelve at night, before the next day?'

Mr. Erskine repeated the line—

As chaste as ice until the marriage day.

Are you to exclude the marriage day, and to presume the lady unchaste at the close of the preceding day? Yet such is the consequence of the doctrine of *exclusion*.

Mr. Dallas. If my friend, the Attorney General, insists on *until* being an inclusive term, were I to ask him to dine, and knowiug his time to be precious, should say, 'I'll not send for you *until* dinner is ready,' I should fulfil my invitation were I to send for him when dinner is over. And Mr. Erskine's illustration is still more unfor unate, for if until be *inclusive*, the bride must be 'chaste as ice,' the *entire* of the marriage day; which my learned friend, some years ago, would not, I think, have contended for.

The Court for the present, postponed their decision.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Ruricola"s *wood* is 'exempt from public haunt,' and he finds 'tongues in the trees.' We know him to be blest with that genuine independence,

.....Whose wish and care
A few *paternal acres* bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his *own ground*.

The political remarks and salutary cautions of HORTENSIUS claim an attentive and dispassionate perusal. The style of this writer, like his sentiments, is manly and pure, neither ranting, like the demagogues of the day, nor tawdry, like the orations of the hour. In our next number, we shall resume the thread of his speculations, and it is peculiarly agreeable to the Editor, *at this time*, to call the attention of his countrymen to *the things which belong to their peace*. It may not be dissembled, it may not be suppressed, and it *shall not* be spoken, in a voice craven or low, WE ARE ON THE EVE OF GREAT DISASTERS. We approach rapidly to the crisis of political fever. It imports us, therefore, vigilantly to regard and boldly to indicate the symptoms; and to act with a decisiveness, promptitude, and spirit, proportioned to the peril of the hour. The example of our correspondent, and the wishes of the Editor, are fully justified by the authority of Sir WILLIAM JONES, who was, indeed, a free, sovereign, and independent man, and who has said with truth and eloquence. "It has long been my opinion, that, in times of *national adversity*, those citizens are entitled to the highest praise, who, by *personal exertions*, or *active valour*, promote, at their *private hazard*, the general welfare; that the second rank in the scale of honour is due to those, who in the great council of the nation, or in other assemblies, legally convened, propose and enforce with manly eloquence, what they conceive to be salutary or expedient on the occasion; and that the third place remains for those persons, who, when they have neither a necessity to act, nor a fair opportunity to speak, IMPART, IN WRITING, to their countrymen such opinions as their *reason approves*, and such knowledge as their *painful researches* have enabled them to acquire.

With these restrictions, the sword, the tongue, and the pen, which have too often been employed by the worst passions to the worst purposes, may become the instruments of exalted virtue; instruments, which it is not the right only, but the duty of every man to use, who can use them."

It is our anxious wish that 'ASMODEO,' a correspondent not more a favourite with the Editor than with the public, will promptly accede to our proposition, that he would present our readers, in the form of essays, comprising two or three of the Idylls, an *entire* poetical version of Solomon's Songs, on the model which A. so judiciously adopted, in the charming specimens inserted in our second volume. If this exhortation of the Editor be lightly regarded by his respectable correspondent, or if a poet's indolence, or a country gentleman's occupation, interfere, still ASMODEO may be stimulated to the accomplishment of this task, so much desired by the Editor, by the assurance, that, in the opinion of the accomplished Mr. MOORE, no pastoral poetry, in any American publication, is comparable to the above specimens, versified from the elegant Epithalamium of the *Ovid of Judea*. In a late interview with Mr. M, a critic whose taste and judgment in polite literature would hardly be denied by the most arrogant Zoilus, we listened, with a cordial assent, to the most liberal encomium upon the peculiar qualifications of A, for this enamelled walk of tender and amatory poetry, beautiful for its happy union of the graces of nature, and simplicity with all the splendor of oriental ornament.

We hope soon to have a favourable response from A; and, meanwhile, if he wish to consult the new version, and, above all, the elegant *notes* of John Mason Goode, appended to this Hebrew pastoral, we can furnish him with the volume. We strenuously advise A to preserve the metre he originally adopted, as one of the principal objections to Mr. G's translation is the heaviness which his choice of stanza sometimes imposes; while, on the contrary, the vivacity and fluency of Asmodeo's measures are finely adapted to represent the Loves and Graces of Eastern Poetry.

'Harcourt's complaint of the coquetry of his Amanda, and of her visible partiality to a weak and coxcombical rival, would not be interesting even to our gayer and lounging readers. The case is not a new one, and, though it may deserve compassion, will be pronounced, by every woman, too common and trite. He, and his favoured rival are the Edwin and Sir Topaz of Dr. PARNELL.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could *ladies* look *within*;
But, one Sir Topaz, *dress'd* with art,
And, if a *shape* can win a heart,
He has a *shape* to win.

'FLORIAN'S correspondence is resumed, and the literary amusements of this author are not less pleasing to many, than useful to him. We gladly accept his proffer. A series of papers of that *classical* cast, to which he alludes, is not only highly agreeable to the Editor, but interesting to that description of scholars, which he is most solicitous to enrol on the list of his judicious friends. Critical canons, derived from the immortal work of the Poet of Mantua, must always combine beauty with use.

'Retrospect, from the moral pencil of 'E' will be regarded with great complacency by every contemplative mind. Themes of sorrow do not always weaken, they often fortify the spirit, and it refreshes the eye to be sometimes averted from the gaudy tulips of life, and to repose on the sober cypress.

An ironical 'Eulogy on the Times,' by the comic author of 'Terrible Tractoration,' is derived from a volume of original Poems, which Mr. Fessenden has very lately published in London. They add to the fair fame of this ingenious writer, and their claims to public notice are fully sanctioned by the decisive approbation of W. GIFFORD, Esq. who, we know, examined and revised the manuscript, which was submitted to his friendly criticism. We have very often manifested our respect for the opinions of the translator of JUVENAL. We venerate his *principles*, and we repeat his Poetry. If *he* has praised the Poems of our American Bard, this is a sufficient reason for their favourable reception at home and abroad.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

RETROSPECT.

ADDRESSED TO W******

When youth's soft paths, by fancy's feet were worn,
And joy's gay carol wak'd the blue-ey'd morn;
'Twas mine to pour on memory's lucid stream
The sunny radiance of hope's golden beam:
To watch, with timid glance, each sparkling ray,
And, raptur'd, mark the 'vivid reflex' play—
To cull Hyblean fragrance from the bower,
The snowy blossom, and the blooming flower,
With myrtle wreaths the olive leaf to twine—
For friendship and the balm of peace were mine:
Till wisdom's voice breath'd softly in mine ear,
'Thy place of rest, Eliza, is not here;
Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce thee to the heart,
Arise! and on the wings of faith depart.'
Truth's starry seal attests the solemn sound,
And nature, trembling, felt her keenest wound;
Round my frail breast her plastic hand had wove
The soft, endearing ties of filial love;
All that was sweet, or delicate, or fair,
All that was feminine, in voice or air;
Each look, each gesture, mildly beam'd on me,
And all, my sainted mother! died with thee!
In heaven's pure image was thy virtue form'd,
By wisdom cultur'd, and by kindness warm'd;
Meek piety, with soft maternal grace,
Shone on thy brow, and smil'd upon thy face;
Thou wert the guiding star, serenely bright,
That shed on life's dim vale its mellow light.
God is my witness, that I ask'd not wealth,
Nor human honours, nor the glow of health—
But, Oh! my bursting heart! what pangs were thine!
Each treasur'd blessing calmly to resign!
Yet HE, who taught the lightning where to rise,
And heard his thunder rend the stormy skies;
That Power, who bade the foaming billows roll,
Their force can temper, and their rage control:
Can'st bind the whirlwind, bid the earthquake cease,
And, in the wreck of nature, whisper peace.

E

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FROM THE PALLADIUM.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

If the following extract from a volume of 'Original Poems,' published in England, by THOMAS GREEN FESSENDEN, Esq. (and of which, perhaps, the writer of this article is the only person in the United States who is possessed of a copy), meets your approbation, you will please to give it a place in your useful publication. It may be well, however, for the sake of your whimsical innovators in religion and politics, whose heads are generally as weak as their hearts are wicked, to premise, that this little poem is *ironical*, its author no disorganizer, nor a disciple of Paine or Godwin, but indulges himself in a sneer at the expense of those, who are sedulously employed in sapping the foundations of civilization and social order.

EULOGY ON THE TIMES.

Let poets scrawl satiric rhymes,
And sketch the follies of the times,
With much caricaturing;
But I, a *bon-ton Bard*, declare
A set of slanderers they are,
E'n past a Job's enduring—

Let crabbed cynics snarl away,
And pious parsons preach and pray
Against the vices reigning;
That mankind are so wicked grown,
Morality is scarcely known,
And true religion waning—

Societies, who vice suppress,
May make a rumpus; ne'ertheless,
Our's is the best of ages;
Such hum-drum folks our *fathers* were,
They could no more with *us* compare
Than Hottentots with Sages.

It puts the poet in a pet,
To think of THEM, *a vulgar set;*
But WE, thank G—, are QUALITY!
For we have found the eighteenth century,
What ne'er was known before, I'll venture ye,
Religion's no Reality.

Tom Paine and Godwin both can tell
That there is no such thing as hell!
A doctrine mighty pleasant;
Your old wives tales of an *hereafter*
Are things for ridicule and laughter,
While we enjoy the *present.*

We've nought to do, but frisk about,
At midnight ball and Sunday rout,
And Bacchanalian revel;
To gamble, drink, and live at ease,
Our great and noble selves to please,
Nor care for man nor devil.

In these *good times*, with little pains,
And scarce a penny worth of brains,
A man with great propriety,
With some small risk of being hung,
May cut a pretty dash among
The foremost in society.

Good reader, I'll suppose, for once,
Thou art no better than a dunce,
But wishest to be famous;
I'll tell thee how, with decent luck,
Thou may'st become as great a buck,
As any one could name us.

When first in high-life you commence
To virtue, reason, common-sense,
You'll please to bid adieu, sir;
And, lest some brother rake be higher,
Drink, till your blood be all on fire,
And face of crimson hue, sir.

Thus you'll be dubb'd a *dashing blade*,
And, by the genteel world, be said
To be a *man of spirit;*
For *stylish folks* despise the chaps,
Who, think that they may rise, perhaps,
By industry and merit.

With lubric arts, and wily tongue,
Debauch some maiden, fair and young,
For that will be genteel;
Be not too scrupulous; win the fair;
Then leave the frail one to despair:
A rake should never feel.

When wine has made your courage stout,
In midnight revel sally out,
Insulting all you meet;
Play pretty pranks about the town,
Break windows, knock the watchmen down,
Your frolic to complete!

Besides exhibiting your parts,
You're sure to win the ladies' hearts
By dint of dissipation;
Since 'every woman is a rake,'
A fool may know what steps to take
To gain her approbation.

By practising these famous rules,
You'll gain from *wicked* men and *fools*
A world of admiration;
And, as we know, from good authority,
Such folks compose a clear majority,
There needs no hesitation.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

While loudly blows the hollow blast,
And all without is dark and drear,
Fond memory points to pleasures past,
And calls forth warm affection's tear.

Bright fancy oft recals the hours,
Which stole on downy wings away,
When friendship twin'd her fairest flowers,
To deck my brow with colours gay.

Remember'd joys, like pleasing dreams,
Leave sweet impressions on the heart;
When through life's clouds affection beams,
It takes from woe its keenest dart.

SELECTED POETRY.

VERSES ON SHAKSPEARE.

On a biforked hill, with fame's ever-green crown'd,
Encircled with azure serene;
Whilst the sylphs of his fancy play'd wantonly round,
Willy Shakspeare enliven'd the scene.

As all-pensive he sat, keen-ey'd Wisdom drew near,
Just sent from the regions above;
And smiling she whisper'd this truth in his ear,
Thy lays breathe the spirit of Jove.

To his side came the muse of the bowl and the blade
To hail him great prince of her art;
Whilst Comedy round all those dimples display'd,
That give a brisk pulse to the heart.

Bright Genius approach'd him with pleasing respect,
In her arms a young eagle she bore,
To shew, if unshackled with icy neglect,
To what wonderful heights she could soar.

Recumbent before him, straight dropt the sweet maid,
And expanding the wings of her bird,
'Take the quill of Sublimity, SHAKSPEARE,' she said,
'And go fashion the tear-starting word.'

To Genius he bow'd, as he pluck'd forth the quill,
To the breeze were his vestments unfurl'd,
Like a sun-beam, with fancy he fled from the hill,
To charm and illumine the world.

For the good of mankind he rare precepts convey'd,
And his strains had such power o'er the ear,
That, whenever he pleas'd, from the concourse that stray'd,
He could draw forth a smile or a tear.

Old Time knew his worth, with the sigh of esteem
From the earth bid sweet Willy arise;
With his genius he fled, but has left us his theme,
Which shall ever be dear to the wise.

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